

Sweetwater Forerunner.

BY FRY & FISHER.

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TERMS:

THE FORERUNNER IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
At Two Dollars a Year,
Payable in Advance.

No attention paid to orders for the paper unless accompanied by the cash.
Advertisements will be charged \$1.00 per square of ten lines, or less, for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each continuance. A liberal deduction made to parties who advertise by the year.
Persons sending advertisements should mark the number of times they desire them inserted, or they will be continued until forbid and charged accordingly.
Transient advertisements must be paid for at the time of insertion.
Communications, to secure insertion, must be accompanied by the name of the authors.

Old Ben Wade has been weighed in the Radical balances and found wanting.

The new catholic cathedral to be built in Brooklyn, will cost \$1,200,000.

Uncle Sam has yet 830,000,000 acres left of his farm.

Accounts received at the Agricultural Department, from the grain-growing districts of the country, indicate a fine crop this year.

The Democratic Committee have succeeded in arranging with all railroads for half price for delegates to the New York Convention.

At Lebanon, Indiana, on the 20th inst., a little girl ten years of age, the daughter of a widow lady named Hall, was burned to death. Her clothes caught from a fire in a field where a man was burning corn stalks.

A dispatch from Rome states that the Pope has invited the Roman Catholic Bishops of the United States to raise a thousand volunteers for the papal army, authorizing them to make such terms with recruits as they may deem proper.

Advices from Omaha state that the Union Pacific railroad has been completed and opened to business six hundred miles west of Omaha. Sixty miles have been built this spring. The company now have a larger force of laborers at work than ever before.

Some of the peach orchards in Indiana are so prolific of blossoms as to occasion alarm lest the profusion of fruit sets should prevent the growth and development of a crop. Two peaches to a blossom are observed in many instances, the young fruit being thus crowded and stunted.

The Charleston Mercury—which was the first and one of the ablest rebel journals in the South—now takes ground decidedly for General Winfield S. Hancock as the Democratic candidate for next President. It greatly admires Seymour and Pendleton, but thinks Hancock could poll more votes.

A couple was recently married in Vernon county, Iowa, each of the parties being over sixty years old. They first met on the Sunday before they were married, and before separating it was agreed that they should be married on the following Sunday. But their youthful ardor would not suffer them to wait even that long, so they were spliced on the following Wednesday.

GOOD RULES FOR LIFE.—Keep good company or none. Never be idle.

Always speak the truth. Make few promises.

Live up to your engagements.

When you speak to a man look him in the face.

Good character is above all things else.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.

Live within your income.

Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper.

Small and steady gains give competency and tranquility of mind.

Never play at any game of chance.

Avoid temptation through fear you may not withstand it.

Earn money before you spend it.

Never borrow if you can possibly avoid doing so.

Never speak evil of any one.

Be just before you are generous.

Save when you are young, to spend when you are old.

Short Paragraphs.

A little four-year old silenced his mother the other day by making the following inquiry:

"Mother if a man is a mister, ain't a woman a mistery?"

"Charlie, I was very much shocked to hear you singing, 'Pop goes the weasel,' in church." "Well mamma, I heard everybody else singing, and it was the only tune I knew."

A stump speaker at a late meeting declared that he knew no east, no west, no north, no south. "Then," said a bystander, "you ought to go to school and learn your geography."

It is reported of a pompous person who announced himself to a hotel clerk as "the Lieutenant-Governor of—," that he received the reply: "That doesn't make any difference; you'll be treated just as well as the others."

A wag says that once, on a journey, he was put into a sleigh with a dozen or more passengers, not one of whom he knew, but on turning a short corner the sleigh upset, and then, said he, "I found them all out."

A dry goods clerk relates that a stylish looking young lady requested to see some lavender kid gloves, and was shown several different shades of that color. Being a little puzzled by the variety, she ingenuously asked, "Which of these pairs is the lavenderest?"

A man in North Oxford, Mass., killed four hundred and twenty-five feet of black snakes in a cellar not long since.

An old lady who drives her own wagon from the country into Fulton Market, New York, and drives a hard bargain when she gets there, has a bank account of \$50,000.

A California editor says he lately met a grammarian who had just made a tour through the mines cogitating thus: "Positive, mine; comparative, miner; superlative, minus?"

A youth of fourteen and a maiden of twelve, residing with their parents in Minneapolis, became so enamored of each other over dime novels, that they concluded to set up housekeeping on their own account in a deserted shanty, where they were discovered by the police, and restored to their anxious friends.

A miner living in Illinois dreamed that on a certain day he would be crushed to death by a rock falling on him. He told his wife of his dream. She tried to persuade him not to go to the mines on the day specified in the dream. But he would not take the advice of his wife. He went to the mines, and sure enough was killed.

Our friend of the Staunton Spectator is very much bewildered with our request to "parties marrying or dying in this community to send a notice of the same to this office." The Spectator can't see how a dead person can attend to such matters.

Of course we expected the party to send the notice before dying—say ten or fifteen minutes before.

[*Charlotteville Chronicle.*]

"Will you have a Daily Sun?" said a news boy to Mrs. Partington.

"Will I have a daily son? Why, you little scapegrace! How dare you insinuate against a poor lone woman? No, indeed, I guess I won't have a daily son. My dear departed husband used to complain awfully when I presented him with a yearly son. A daily son—indeed! Begone, you little upstart!"

The following is a copy of a notice on a fence on the road between Grandview and Rockport, Ind. We give it verbatim et literatim et spellatim:

CUNSTABLE'S SALE.

One musical insticle, one faterbed mit bedstick, and one sow mit six pigs, by me.

JOHN KUNS,

der Kunstable for Sale.

A distinguished ex-governor of Ohio, famous for story-telling, relates that on one occasion, while he was addressing a temperance meeting at Georgetown, District of Columbia, and depicting the miseries caused by too freely indulging in the flowing bowl, his attention was attracted by the sobs of a disconsolate and seedy-looking individual seated in the rear part of the room. On going to the person and interrogating him, the Governor was told the usual tale of woe; among other sad incidents, that during his career of vice he had buried three wives. The Governor having buried a few wives of his own, sympathized deeply with the inebriate, and consoled him as much as it was in his power. Said he: "The Lord has indeed deeply afflicted you." The mourner sobbing replied: "Y-yes, He has;" and pausing a moment and wiping his nose, continued, "but I don't think the Lord got much ahead of me, for as he took one, I took another."

From Washington.

WASHINGTON, May 27.—Stanton vacated the War Office yesterday.

Parties complying with the amnesty proclamation of September were registered yesterday. This concession adds considerably to the white vote.

The keys of the War Department are still with General Thomas.

It is stated that Grant favors Schofield's confirmation.

In Executive session the Senate referred Schofield's nomination to a committee. Revenue to-day \$829,000.

There are rumors of Cabinet changes.

Chief Justice Chase having assented to June 3d as the day for the commencement of Davis' trial, if impeachment had finished by that time, it is understood to-day that the trial will certainly take place then.

WASHINGTON, May 28.—The registration shows 4,015 majority for the whites. Many were stricken from the lists on account of defective amnesty papers—applicants presenting the amnesty oath instead of the certificate from the State Department that the oath was filed as the law requires.

Persons holding personal pardons from the President, or proper amnesty papers, found no difficulty.

The proper routine is to mail the original oath to Seward, who, retaining the original oath, will return the proper certificate.

Replying to Townsend's application to be relieved from the War Office perplexities, the President said he had no new orders to issue. He had issued orders some months since. The business of the War Office was stopped.

The Senate discussed Schofield's nomination. The difficulty lies in the verbiage, which reads, "vice Stanton removed."

A bill was introduced, extending the time for the completion of the Southern Pacific Railroad, also a bill reducing the interest of the public debt.

Arkansas admission came up. Drake, radical, opposed admission until the fourteenth article becomes a part of the fundamental law, maintaining that twenty-eight States were required to ratify, and that Ohio and New Jersey had the right to recall their assent. Drake added, "There was no hurry. We have done without these States for seven years and can do without them seven months more."

The Senate went into Executive Session and adjourned.

Tennessee was represented by the following persons at the Chicago Convention: At large, Thomas S. Pearne, William B. Stokes, J. S. Fowler, T. A. Hamilton, First District, J. J. McKinney, S. A. Bovell; 2d, L. C. Houk, R. P. Eaton; 3d, A. G. Sharpe, William M. Woodcock; 4th, W. G. Elliott, J. C. Walker; 5th, H. H. Harrison, A. N. C. Wilson; 6th, S. M. Arnell, J. J. Buck; 7th, J. R. Hawkins, F. F. Brown; 8th, Barbour Lewis, J. S. Warfield.

General James S. Brisbin, having been called in a Pittsburg paper a brazen-faced, impudent upstart who thrusts himself upon everybody, he acknowledges the accuracy of the libel in this wise:

"I have always tried to be impudent. I like impudent men. They are generally independent and honest. It is your modest, quiet, easy-going, soft mannered men who are sneaks and betray their party and friends. Ben Butler is the type of American men I like. I always thrust myself forward too. I intend to get all I can, and if I can shove myself as high as the Presidency, I will do it. My mother told me I ought to do so, and I have been in the habit of following her advice."

INTemperance.—An intemperate man was on his death bed. He sent to a professor of religion and said to him: "Do you remember being at a certain temperance meeting? I was there. I went for the purpose of signing the pledge. When it was circulated I kept my eye on you. I thought you knew more about these things than I did, and if it were a good thing you would give your name and join it. But you did not and for that reason I did not. And here I am. I am about to die, and I want you to prepare to meet me in the judgment."

These words went like a dagger to that professor's heart, and they should pierce the heart of every one professing godliness who stands aloof from the temperance cause. Every one has influence, and that influence should be on the side of virtue and piety, on the side of God and religion. We should not only avoid the appearance of evil, but do all the good in our power. And in this view we should be mindful of our example and influence. Actions speak louder than words. Be right and do right.—*Am. Messenger.*

A Despicable Wretch.

Old Jo. Brown, of Georgia, seems to have been the lion of the black-and-tan Convention at Chicago. He was fêted and applauded as he had never been before. The patriots pressed him to their bosoms and anointed him as one of the "truly loil," in whose hands the interests of "the best government the world ever saw" would be entirely secure.

This, according to radical ethics, was eminently proper. Jo. Brown is the same individual who, as Governor of Georgia, was the first man in the South to lay violent hands upon United States shipping. When the Government caused the seizure of arms and other munitions of war in the city of New York, designed for rebel service, Brown valiantly ordered the seizure of all the shipping in Savannah harbor, belonging to the Government or citizens of the North, by way of retaliation—and this was done, too, before Georgia seceded. There was no measure too fierce for him. He hated and denounced and cursed the Government, and everybody and everything Northern. He was a constant source of terror to every Northern born citizen of Georgia, and to escape his vengeance, hundreds, at the sacrifice of business and property, hastened from his realm in quest of security. The intensity of his hate and the reckless violence of his proscriptive measures were subjects of complaint even among original secessionists. A man of Northern birth was unworthy of employment even on the State Road. The forbearance of Jeff. Davis was his plague by day and his torture by night. He was a miserable man because he had not a fiascoed Yankee for each meal. The black flag was entirely too pale for him—he wanted a more suggestive one—a deep, blood-red one. The black is now his favorite—he proposes to raise it against the white people of his own State!

Oh! for a lash of scorpions!

[*Press and Herald.*]

The following is the explanation of "a tinker's dam."

The tinkers used to tramp about England mending pots and kettles. They masticated and moistened a bit of bread, and used it as a dam around the hole to be repaired, to prevent the solder from running off. After being thus employed, what value remained in the "dam"? Can anything be imagined more worthless? Hence the proverb.

A poor woman and her child living in a Western town were greatly in need of food, and the child, seeing a chicken in the barn yard, wanted to kill it and have a pot-pie. "No, no," said the mother, "that would be wicked, and God would surely punish you." "Then," said the youngster, "let's go back to Chicago; there's no God there."

The Kokomo (Indiana) Tribune says: There is a very neat Campbellite Church in Fairfield. On the wall immediately behind where the preacher stands, there is this notice in large letters:

TO THE PUBLIC.

All respectable ministers are invited to co-operate with us in defence of the truth. Error may be replied to in this house at all times.

Before the Investigation Committee a witness from the Treasury Department was examined, when the following dialogue occurred:

"Have you known of any subscriptions of money recently in your department?"

"Yes, sir, large amounts."

"How much?"

"I have heard of subscriptions of as high as a thousand dollars."

The managers swelled with expectation at the proposed developments, and asked largely:

"For what purpose?"

"Why," said the clerk, "to carry the New Hampshire election for the Republican party."

The committee at once collapsed and agreed to ask that witness no more questions.

A tour can be made of the world in two months and a half, when the Pacific railroad is finished. From New York to San Francisco will take seven days; from San Francisco to Hong Kong, by way of Yokonama, twenty days; from Hong Kong, by steamer, to Seux, thirty-two days; from Seux to Paris, six days; all in seven ty-five days.

Collector Smythe, of New York, telegraphed to Senator Fowler as follows:

"God bless you and those who voted for acquittal."

To this Fowler replied:

"I thank you for your words of cheer. I voted for my country and posterity, in obedience to the voice of God."

GREAT SUFFERING.

Eighteen Years an Invalid.

Twenty years ago Mr. Asa W. Worth was a young and promising merchant of Troy. His personal appearance was commanding, and he was regarded as one of the finest specimens of manly beauty to be found in the city. In his family relations he was most happily blessed. An amiable and accomplished wife and a little babe, now grown to womanhood, shed their sweet sunshine around his pathway. But, alas, a great sorrow was pending over him. Neuralgic pains began to dart through his person, and in a short time he was taken down with a confirmed and incurable rheumatism. For some time hopes were entertained that the disease would give way to medical treatment, but these were finally abandoned when it was discovered that ankylosis of all the joints in the body was rapidly taking place. The end was soon reached. Every bone became ossified and contracted. He was unable to move a joint or muscle of the body. Even his jaws became set, and for years he sucked his nourishment through his teeth. His feet became enlarged to an enormous size, and great fetid ulcers formed upon them. In this condition he lived for eighteen years, suffering at times the most excruciating torture, though sometimes he was happily freed from pain. During sixteen years of his invalidism, Mr. Worth was attended solely by his wife—now we are assured an angel in heaven, as she certainly was on earth. That excellent woman nursed and tended him with uncomplaining love and heroic fortitude—never murmuring at her lot, but cheerfully, prayerfully, preforming her mission of love and duty, and at last absolutely wearing herself out in the care of her stricken husband. We doubt if there is on record, in the pages of history or fiction, another instance of more wifely devotion, or stronger conjugal fidelity and love. A little more than a year ago, we believe, Mrs. Worth died, from disease induced by her long and persistent care of her husband, and when she died, though the earth opened to receive her body, the portals of heaven swung wide open that her angelic spirit might enter. Verily, she has her reward.

To add to Mr. Worth's misfortunes, about six years ago his eyes were attacked by disease, and gradually he lost sight. Now began a singular feature in his case. His strong mental faculties, which had all through his long years of illness remained unimpaired, absolutely grew stronger. His sense of hearing was wonderfully acute. He recognized the steps of visitors with entire exactness, and could distinguish between half a dozen persons entering the room. He also played chess, and his memory was so perfect that in this game he was able to vanquish almost any opponent. The newspapers were read to him daily, and he kept thoroughly posted upon the current news and literature of the times. Though he had not walked the streets of Troy for years, he knew almost every change that had taken place in the buildings that line them. His mental characteristics were almost as remarkable as his physical misfortune and deformity.

Some months previous to the death of Mrs. Worth, who only relinquished his care when disease had fastened upon her vitals, Mr. W. was removed to the Troy hospital. Here we visited him once or twice, and found him cheerful and quite happy. He appeared to be very tenacious of life—clinging to it with even more desire than most strong and robust men manifest. A few months since he was again removed to the Marshall Infirmary, where he died. Every organ in his body, one after another, had been attacked, and we may say destroyed, until only the heart, the citadel of life, remained unimpaired. This, too, at last succumbed; and the poor man who counted his sufferings in duration by years and in intensity beyond the power of language to describe, was released from the thralldom of the body to rejoin his loved partner in the realms of bliss above.

ILLUMINATION.—As we write, a hundred joyous candles are throwing their gleeful light from the windows of the Press and Herald block upon the more joyous throngs on Gay street, who are interchanging salutations and congratulations upon the glorious victory of the day.

The Post Office front is also aglow with patriotic light.

But the most brilliant display of the evening is to be seen at the front of the "Star Billiard Saloon" building. John Scherf has tastily blended the national colors with the bright glare of the stercine, and his windows present one of the handsomest scenes ever witnessed on Gay street.

[*Press and Herald.*]